Me Timmy Quid,

HOO was ſarvint to a parſon that kept a mouſtird mil and grund ſnuf, haven larnt the biſnis. took a ſhop and parlar ware I ſils guſeberes, blac pudens, rid hirrins, butir, bric duſt, loly pops, and orl othir kind of frewt.

In perticlelar I is a tailer, fiſhmunger, barbir, chimblee ſweapir, and butcher---moor-ovir I follers the paintin biſnis, but havin left it orf a grate wile intens doin a little in the bakirin way, becawz I was bred a baſkit makir.

And father moor is goin to begin biſnis, ſo this his to informe my kredditers hif thay dont cum and pa me what they hoe me, I will ſhoe um direkle---I muſt have bin borne a brokir for Ime ſhewer I nivir was bread one; howivir I carris on a ſmokin traid and takes my pint at the cock and horcis as well as my naybirs.

So havin opinid my red jeſter offis for orl ſorts of gaws, ſorſagis, ſilk, oyl, ſalupe and ſope, the public ma depind on been ſurpriſid with the beſt hoyſtirs, by

Me TIMMY QUID.